

Synopsis - ESCHATON: The Final Testament - (or how Faith conquered Knowledge)

A contemporary Adam and Eve, along with an engaging devil, Luci, are commissioned by God to execute His plan to corral knowledge and return all earth's sinful souls to Eden - (or, more likely, for most of us, to hell). Luci agrees to His plan because she clearly sees much to gain from the destruction of knowledge.

The extraordinarily complex (and culture-specific) plan for destroying knowledge requires global cooperation and mind conditioning followed by infection of the entire world's populace by the ignorance virus (IV).

Luci's far-ranging surrogates and the elaborate technological system she finances ultimately works to rid mankind of knowledge - whereupon modern Adam and Eve receive a heavenly reward for their infamy.

Independent of this sinister drama, a young couple, Knowledge and Mary, meet, marry and pursue an idyllic, self-sacrificing life. They are the kernels of love, knowledge and beauty, intent on bringing peace and harmony to the world. Their role will prove critical to the overall narrative of the final reckoning as Knowledge, an atheist, becomes separated from Mary during the eschaton.

Several concessions on the part of God during the ascension ultimately results in rebellion among the hellions. In their righteous indignation, the intensifying ululation of the damned stokes fear among the pastoral inhabitants of the Elysian Fields and leads God to offer humanitarian reforms (a sort of celestial amnesty) to those condemned to the nether regions.

{In conducting His review, GOD came upon one particular agonized soul that pleaded to know the fate of her beloved, - KNOWLEDGE.

God winced. He had to explain to MARY that KNOWLEDGE had been relegated to hell - for the sin of...? - simply being the kernel of knowledge - and an unbeliever.

What MARY asked next shocked Him. Would He send her to hell to join her love? It meant that much to her simply to be with him - especially in his suffering.

GOD was almost moved to tears.

MARY: I conjured KNOWLEDGE instantly upon my arrival.

We were now both together in Hell - and we were happy.

We exchanged reminiscences of our earthly life. We detailed our celestial journeys for hours, days, ... Ethereal flowers seemed to bloom in the halo of the radiance from our innocent and unblemished ardor. Ours was undiluted love at its purest and most righteous. Our mutual joy transcended any discomfort our perilous surroundings might inflict on souls less intimately entwined.

Gradually, other hell-confined spirits began to take notice. They listened to the discourse of the lovers. They were moved. Tears of compassion began to mix with Hell's standard fare of tears of

pain. The aura of the requited love of the sweethearts seemed to serve as balm for some of Hell's collective pain and distress. 'Perhaps', some wags tweeted, 'love IS all you really need.' Hell was abuzz. The unaccustomed essence of Love began to permeate its foul air. As many hearkened to the simple colloquy between the lovers, virtual tears came to all who retained any sense of empathy and compassion. And, then, an intensifying groundswell of outrage.

'How could GOD have let this happen? He had unfairly consigned two of the most decent and virtuous people in the universe to hell.'

This was inexcusable. Even GOD should not be permitted to get away with such an unethical and flagrant violation of justice.

Moreover, if GOD had conspicuously erred in this judgment, what about His other referrals? The hellions believed an appeal to a higher court was in order.

LUCI: Before long, my clients in hell were in a feverish uproar. Seizing common cause with the reputedly 'unfairly' punished lovers, the residual billions of self-righteous condemned sinners quickly became agitated and unified with a growing passion for rebellion from that despotic GOD who had placed all of them, without just cause, they were certain, into my extraterrestrial penal colony.

They would demand their day in ...

They would appeal to ...

Who?

Hell's patrons smelled blood - and, for once, it was not their own. Their amalgamated fury intensified and, like the universe itself, inexorably continued to expand.

GOD: I had heard and was already being inconvenienced by Hell's cacophony. No sooner had I begun to fully enjoy the fawning and prayerful praise from Heaven's remaining sycophants - now that the last of the interlopers had been purged, - but the howls of Hell's enraged hordes was viscerally penetrating to the very core of my Paradise.

Eden's inhabitants were, first, startled, then, progressively, confused and upset by the rising din and caterwauling. My adoring fan base was becoming restless. Some even had the temerity to question whether something was amiss - or out of My control - in the Elysian Fields.

Meeting at this neutral site in Purgatory, LUCI and I, at first, agreed to simply let the furor die down. With time, we reasoned, Hell's revolutionary passion - and this unprecedented solidarity of the damned - would dissipate.

But, somehow, Hell's mutineers either sensed, or learned through Wikileaks, of our profane collaboration. Moreover, their tormentor's strategy seemed self-evident.

Accordingly, the condemned rabble labored to increase their ululation, synchronizing their combined resonation until My very firmament trembled.

The intensified vibrations of billions of Hell's full-throated banshees even threatened to 'break the waters'.

A heavenly tsunami was in the offing.

Meanwhile, Eden's agitated tenants were approaching full panic and starting to lose confidence - even, faith - in My ability to maintain serenity and provide them with eternally tranquil protection. As a result, Eden's seemingly passive predators were beginning to look alarmingly predaceous.

LUCI and I regarded each other with dismay. Before long, an irascible and impatient LUCI demanded urgent, concrete action to quell the instability in both our realms.

Under these circumstances, and on reflection, I felt inclined to make an accommodation. If LUCI would concur, I would moderate My condemnations of all the souls in Hell, precluding any further imposition of pain and suffering on them.

Of course, LUCI would continue to reign over Hell's domain, but she would inflict no further suffering, indignities or retributive punishments on Hell's residents.

It would be somewhat akin to a celestial amnesty.

Reluctantly, LUCI agreed, but not without exacting some territorial claims on My own domain. She would be granted perpetual dominion over that portion of the Garden that included My apple orchard.

Considering all the trouble this plot had already caused Me, I conceded this parcel.

Following amnesty and absolution, Hell began to take on quite a different aspect. Darkness receded. A range of color (besides, red) returned. Pervasive communal fear was gradually replaced by an inexplicable blend of relief and modest contentment.

The once-terrible appearance of Hell began to mellow into more pastoral and bucolic imagery. Even so, beginning in a halting and totally unforeseen fashion, an exodus from Heaven began.}

Ultimately, the touching reunion of devoted lovers and families willing to share pain and misery for the privilege of being united with their loved ones in a hell with a more agreeable climate results in an surprising depopulation of heaven.

The passion of reunited loved ones further moderates hell's climate, thereby radically undermining Luci's ability to impose heinous penalties and hardships. (This was not Luci's idea of hell.)

The passivation of hell leads Luci, in a fit of pique, to enforce '*primum frigidum*' (absolute zero; total destruction).

With hell quiescent and all the souls in the universe at eternal peace, our old adversaries, God and Luci, now without competitive domains to contend over, become united in wistful reminiscing and reverie, as they are left alone to share the remainder of eternity in the Elysian Fields.